



# LUMBERJANES™

## GOTHAM ACADEMY™

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Special thanks to Becky Cloonan, Brenden Fletcher, Karl Kerschl, and Mark Doyle.

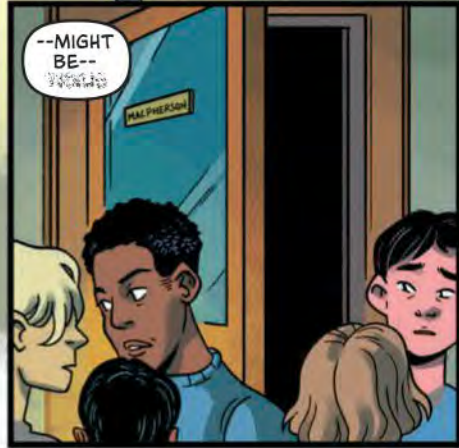
LUMBERJANES created by Shannon Watters, Grace Ellis, Noelle Stevenson & Brooke Allen.

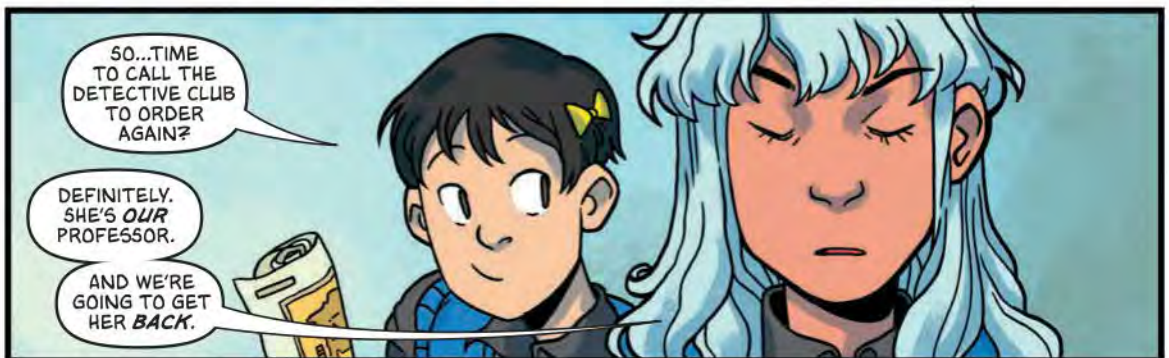
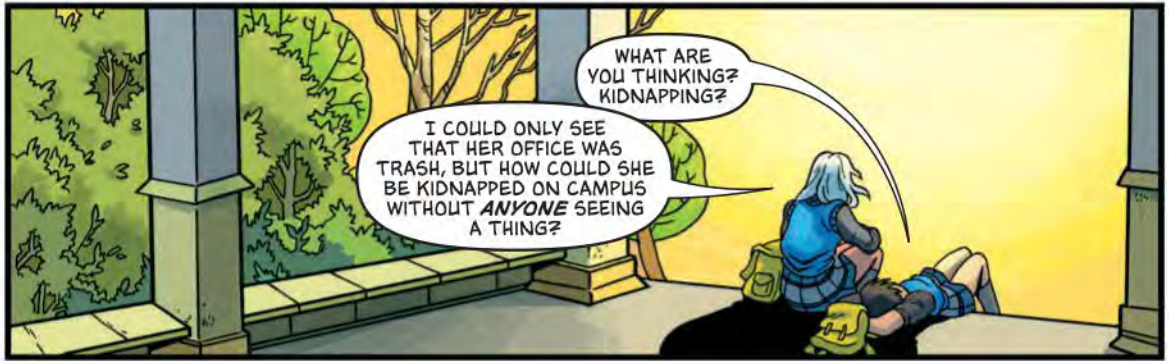
Outside of Miss Qiunzella Thiskwin Penniquiquil Thistle Crumpet's Camp For Hardcore Lady-Types.













DANG, I'M GOOD. COAST IS CLEAR!

THIS MAY BE THE OLDEST PREP SCHOOL IN GOTHAM BUT DO THE VENTS HAVE TO SMELL THIS BAD?



TRY NOT TO TOUCH EVERYTHING TOO MUCH, GUYS, THEY MIGHT NEED TO DUST FOR PRINTS.

HER STUFF'S ALL HERE. HER PURSE, HER PHONE...

...THE GOOD NEWS IS, I DON'T SEE ANY BLOOD.



THIS IS WEIRD. IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A MINI-TORNADO CAME THROUGH HERE...THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY DRAWERS OPEN, JUST STUFF SCATTERED EVERYWHERE.

NOTHING OF ANY REAL VALUE SHOULD BE MISSING IF HER PURSE AND PHONE ARE STILL THERE, AT LEAST IN THEORY.



UNLESS SHE HAD SOME KIND OF EXOTIC ARTIFACT SHE WAS HIDING FROM A GANG OF EVIL MUSEUM CURATORS.

DOUBTFUL. THEN AGAIN...

"GOTHAM'S MOST GRUESOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES... ILLUSTRATED." I LIKE HER TASTE. DO YOU THINK THE PROF WOULD NOTICE IF I BORROWED A BOOK, OR FIVE?



DON'T BE SUCH A GHOUL, POMELINE. ANYONE OUTSIDE, KYLE?

SPEED IT UP. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE MUCH HELP TO PROFESSOR MACPHERSON IF WE ALL GET CAUGHT IN HERE.



HMM.



THIS IS KIND OF ODD. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE FOUND SOMETHING.



"YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A SPECIAL WEEKEND RETREAT CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF MISS LOUISE NITHERCOTT-GREENWOOD. THIS FRIDAY, THE 13TH, BLAH BLAH BLAH, 1986 AT GREENWOOD LODGE..."

1986? BUT THIS INVITATION LOOKS BRAND NEW.

THAT ADDRESS IS WAY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, HOURS FROM HERE.

YOU THINK IT'S A THEME PARTY OR SOMETHING?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT I THINK WE SHOULD FOLLOW THIS, IT FEELS LIKE A LEAD. I GET A REALLY CREEPY VIBE OFF IT.



FOLLOW? YOU MEAN GO ALL THE WAY TO THE BOONIES TO BECOME MEATY CASSOLET FOR RABID, CANNIBALISTIC MOUNTAIN MEN, ALL BECAUSE YOU HAD A HUNCH?

FACT IS, IF WE TAKE OFF AND DON'T COME BACK WITH MACPHERSON WE'LL GET EXPELLED, CASE CLOSED. BUT, YOU KNOW, WHATEVER.



COLTON'S RIGHT. I DON'T KNOW, OLIVE. THIS IS SERIOUSLY RISKY AND MIGHT LEAD TO NOTHING BUT US BEING TRANSFERRED OUT OF HERE PERMANENTLY.



PROFESSOR MACPHERSON'S IN DANGER AND I DON'T THINK THE POLICE OR HAMMERHEAD ARE GOING TO BELIEVE US IF WE TELL THEM THEY NEED TO FOLLOW UP ON A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD BIRTHDAY PARTY INVITATION WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE THE CRIME SCENE OF A FILM NOIR IN HERE.

IT'S UP TO US TO HELP HER!





SHH!  
HAMMERHEAD  
IS COMING--  
I'D RECOGNIZE  
THAT VOICE  
ANYWHERE!



I'LL NEED  
YOU TO KEEP A  
CLOSE EYE ON THIS.  
DETECTIVES SHOULD  
BE ARRIVING WITHIN  
THE NEXT HOUR  
OR SO...

...UNTIL THEN,  
THERE MAY BE  
CERTAIN STUDENTS  
WHO...

GO, GO,  
GO!



WHEW!  
THAT WAS TOO  
CLOSE.

WELL,  
MACPHERSON  
DID LEAVE HER  
CAR KEYS.

...SO,  
ROAD TRIP,  
ANYONE?

YOU ALREADY  
WRECKED HEADMASTER  
HAMMER'S CAR, ARE YOU  
GOING TO WORK YOUR WAY  
THROUGH THE WHOLE  
FLEET OF FACULTY  
VEHICLES NOW?

**A:** IT WASN'T  
MY FAULT THE EARTH  
OPENED UP AND ATE THE  
CAR, AND **B:** THIS IS THE  
ONLY OPTION. OBVIOUSLY,  
THE PROFESSOR'S WHEELS  
ARE NOT AS SWEET AS  
HAMMERHEAD'S WERE,  
BUT BEGGARS CAN'T BE  
CHOOSERS...



WE ARE  
GONNA BE SO  
BUSTED.





WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? I CAN'T JUST DRAG THEM INTO THIS, WHATEVER IT IS! I'M HERE TO PROTECT THEM, NOT PUT THEM IN HARM'S WAY!



...BUT I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE, EITHER! I KNOW I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D BE GETTING INTO.

WHAT AM I EVEN LOOKING AT?



UGH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!  
ARRRRRRRRGH!



SO, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL US WHAT'S UP, OR JUST SCREAM LIKE AN ANGRY PIRATE?



OH, OF COURSE YOU'RE STANDING THERE, BECAUSE WHY WOULDN'T YOU BE?

WHEN WILL I LEARN TO INNER MONOLOGUE?!



IT'S CONVENIENT FOR US, ANYWAY. ALSO, YOU CAN'T CRYPTICALLY UTTER "THIS IS BAD," WHEN STARING AT DISTRESS SIGNALS IN THE SKY AND THEN NOT EXPECT US TO FOLLOW UP ON IT.

SO SPILL, SCOUT-LEADER.



THAT DISTRESS SIGNAL... IT WAS ROSIE. I FIGURE YOU NOTICED SHE'S NOT HERE.



AND SO YOU REALIZE, IF IT'S ROSIE--OF ALL PEOPLE--IT'S GOT TO BE, LIKE I SAID, BAD.

SHE'S NOT EXACTLY HELPLESS, AS WE ALL KNOW.

BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE DISTRESS SIGNAL MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABOUT?



NOT A CLUE.

...AND THIS MOUNTAIN OF WEIRD ISN'T HELPING!

OOOOH



...THEN I SAW THE FLARE.

THE ONLY THING I'M FINDING IS PICTURES OF SOME OLD CABIN.



SO WHY DID YOU WAIT TO TELL US?



YOU *KNOW* WHY! I CAN'T ALLOW ANYTHING BAD TO HAPPEN TO YOU GUYS. I *HAVE* TO THINK OF YOUR SAFETY. I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY TO HELP ROSIE AND NOT PUT ANY OF YOU IN *POTENTIAL DANGER*.